

The Rosebud in Lent,

When Lent has come she bids good-by
To all her pleasures with a sigh,
And goes, with pensive, downcast eye,
To daily prayer.

What grievous sin must she repent
Through all the weary weeks of Lent,
This pretty, pensive penitent,
With sun-spun hair?

She who was gayest of the gay,
Who laughed and loved through all her day,
And dressed not to decollete
On opera nights;

Who danced and flirted, played and sung,
But to her lovers, old and young,
Denied, until their hearts were wrung,
True lovers' rights.

What was her crime? She only knows.
Maiden have their secrets, I suppose;
There is a thorn to every rose,
Though sweet its scent.

Perhaps, oh, joy! her sin may be
The grievous thing she did to me.
And of her coldness to my plea
She now repents!

They Had One.

MR. TENSPOOT—I don't think I would put in so much time hunting up genealogies, my dear. Adam and Eve had no family tree.

MRS. TENSPOOT—My impression is that they had.

MR. TENSPOOT—Indeed?

MRS. TENSPOOT—Yes; the apple tree.

A Dubious Retraction.

MRS. NEWED—You have always accused me of putting all my money on my back.

NEWED—I apologize, my dear. At Easter I see you put it all on your head.

There Were Others.

The Right Bower nestled in his hand;
Of little did he reck.

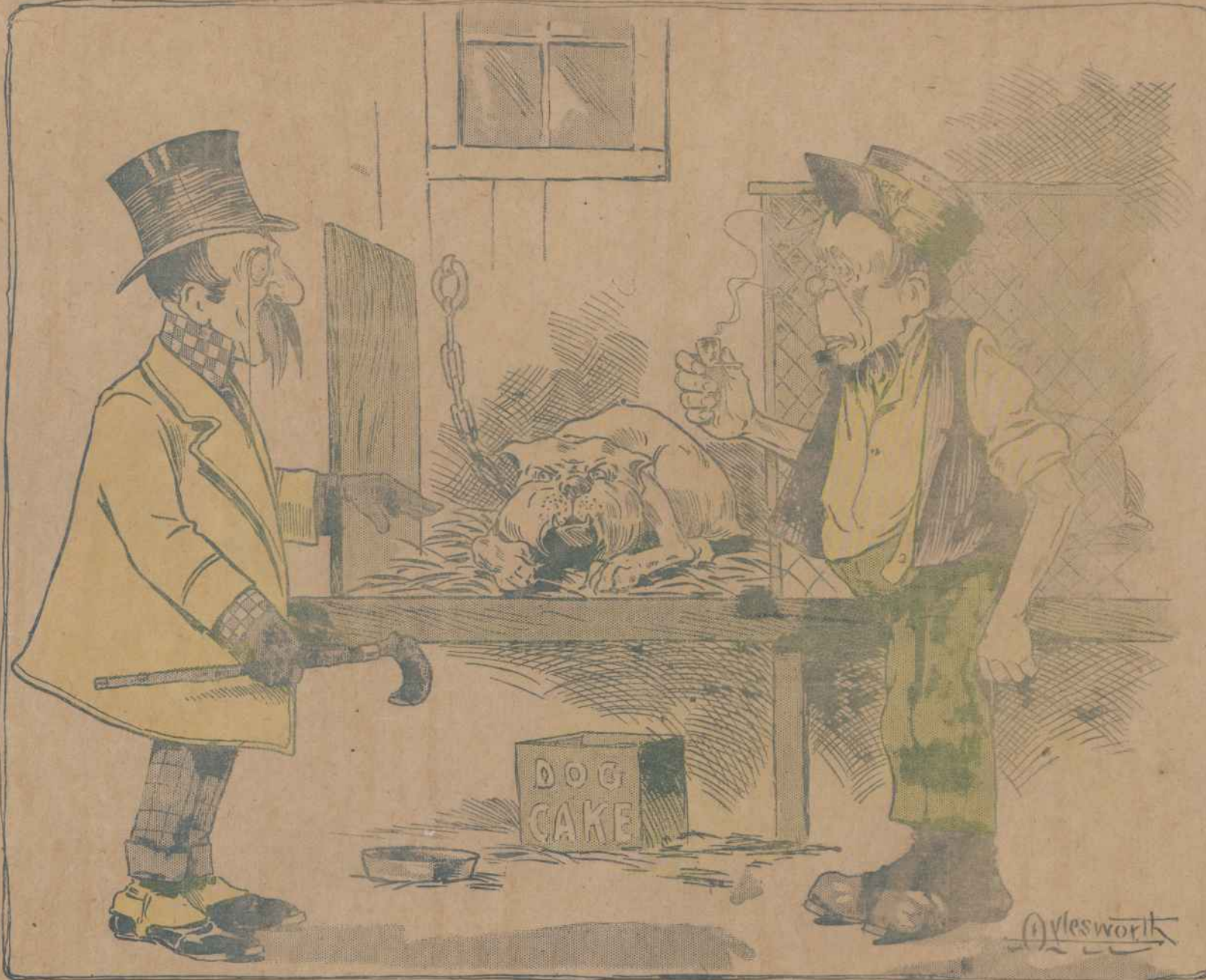
But then, alas! 'twas not the only
Trump card in the deck.

Sure Death.

HILLIS—What would you do if you were haunted by a fear of being buried alive?

WILLIS—Steal a horse in Texas.

WHAT MIGHT BE EXPECTED.



CHAPLEY—If I struck him do you think he would bite me?
KEEPER—Shure. If ye shtruck me Ol'd bite yez meself.

Symptoms of Spring.

To his work the Scollan now turns his hand—
Organ all day in the street;
The cop in the Park pulls the festive young cow—
Slips that blows fresh on his beat.

And out in the garden I gaze at the bum—
Ere hee as he flirts with the rose,
While the colored boy a rapidly turning to white—
Washing to earn him his clothes.

The jovial farmer is calling the turn—
Up from the ground bleak and drear,
While all of the women-folk want to be men—
Ding their Spring gowns at last year.

And the wife of the farmer is breaking her leg—
Horne that will sit on their nests;
While the torn, tattered tramp lies asleep by the
dog—
Wood tree, and he snores as he rests.

On every side now we see the glad snow—
Drops where the birds spily sing,
And the loveliest thing on the land is the sea—
Son that the people call Spring!

Well Heeled.

The youthful matron in the milliner's shop
turned her back for the moment on the gorgeous
display of Easter bonnets.

"Thank heaven, there are!"

She took a \$20 bill from her plump pocketbook
and gazed at it long and lovingly ere she turned
to make her choice.

"Others."

Rather Premature.

JOHNNY—Ma, where can I find the clothes
brush?

MA—What do you want it for?

JOHNNY—Well, Pa said he was going to dust
my jacket for not going to school yesterday, and
I thought that I would save him the trouble.

Domestic Economy.

ELSIE—Boo-hoo-hoo! Nurse slapped me.

MAMMA—She must not do it again. As likely
as not she'll want to be paid extra for doing it,
when I can slap you just as well myself and save
the expense.

A Good Excuse.

EMPLOYER—William, what's the time of day?

OFFICE BOY—I can't tell, sir. I got me eddication at a night school.

THE TOY SELLER'S REVENGE.



1. TOY SELLER—Here you are! Here you are! The wonderful automatic toys!



2. IRASCIBLE OLD PARTY—Dad blast these nuisances. I'll kick them in the gutter.



3. TOY SELLER (as old gentleman returns from club)—Now I'll get even.



4. "Heavens! I've got 'em sure!"

A Mid-Lenten Adventure.

How unworldly she looked as she left the church with her hymnal clasped in her gloved hands and with the music of the great organ pulsing at her back. Her eyes were downcast, her sweet face sad. Lenten meditations filled her mind.

"How do you do, Gladys," she almost whispered, the faintest of Lenten smiles curling her red lips. "Beautiful service, was it not?"

The tall, queenly girl she had thus addressed made reply in the same subdued manner.

"Lovely!" she cried softly. "Bishop Whitehouse was so touching. The sermon was one of his best. Were it not for that sermon I should this minute be envying Mrs. Parven New because of her sweet Easter bonnet."

Up the avenue they walked. A block from the church a Lenten thaw seemed to have set in and their faces brightened. Two blocks away they were talking vivaciously, and when three blocks had been covered smiles and dimples were playing hide and seek in each beautiful countenance.

"Oh, Gladys, I must tell you of the adventure I had Sunday night," said Julia—she of the sad face and the downcast eyes. "Mrs. De Reuter gave a very quiet, informal Sunday night tea to a few—a very few—friends, and on account of Lent"—here Julia cautiously glanced around—"it was not talked about to any great extent beforehand, you know. But we all felt terribly guilty, because the bishop's sermon that night took to task the people who fail to strictly observe Lent. Such people he denounced in the most bitter terms, and if I had not promised Mrs. De Reuter that mamma and I would surely come we would have gone directly home from church."

"Well, we went in fear and trembling, and thinking all the time, 'What if the bishop should learn of our presence there?' Even at the door we were tempted to cry 'Retro Satanus De Reuter!' and turn back, but in we went, and we had a perfectly lovely time."

"Do you suppose the bishop heard of it?" Gladys inquired with a scared face.

"Oh, yes, I'm sure he did."

"Has he said anything about it?"

"No, and I hardly think he will."

"You hardly think he will? Weren't you in terror at the thought that he might speak of it in this afternoon's sermon?" gasped Gladys.

"Not at all, dear. You see the bishop and his wife were both there themselves."

"I wonder why servants don't patronize the intelligence offices more?"

"Oh, a girl seems out of place there, I suppose."



1. Miss Sweetly's Easter bonnet was a wonder, an ideal! 'Twas covered o'er with posies that you would have thought were real!



2. But when a sudden shower came down, their splendor to diminish, They blossomed and they bloomed apace, with this disastrous finish.

TOO MUCH REALISM.

A Sure Thing.

He was making an evening call, and she was showing him some of her porcelain. It was beautiful porcelain, and she prized it like anything.

"Here is a Sevres plate," she said, "that mamma bought only yesterday for me. It is so pretty that I just want to use it and get the benefit of it. I'm not one of those persons who don't like to touch anything because it is valuable, and never get the value of it at all."

"Why don't you then?" asked the young man.

"Well, I'm so afraid of the kitchen girl. She's so careless, you know, and she's likely as not to break it all to smithereens."

"I'll fix that for you," said the young man. Taking the plate gently from her hand, he drew out his knife and pulled one of the blades out. Holding the knife by the tip of the blade, he gave it a smart rap against the beautiful and frail Sevres plate, and nicked a small piece from the edge. The nick was barely perceptible, but the young woman started forward in horror.

"Heavens and earth!" she cried, "what have you done? You broke my plate, you horrid wretch, on purpose! Leave the house instantly, I say!"

She could barely contain herself.

But the young man remained calm and untroubled. He returned the knife to his pocket and handed the plate back to her.

"It will never be broken now," he murmured with a smile.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Don't you know," he replied, "that an article that has once been nicked or slightly damaged is never broken entirely from that time onward, but lasts a lifetime? Nobody will ever notice that slight defect, or it won't hurt if they do, but the plate is safe now for years and years."

And so, 'twas even so.

On Board Ship.

SKIPPER—Do you think we'll have much of a blow this Sabbath morning?

MATE—Dunno, shouldn't wonder!

"Nor'wester?"

"Naw, Easter!"

In Training.

DELLA—Why are you standing before the mirror and screwing up your face into such funny shapes?

BELLA—I'm practicing a look of amazement. The girls are going to give me a surprise party to-night.